

To change Contract Advertisements, notice must be given before Monday noon. Our friends wishing to have advertisements inserted in the TIMES, must hand them in by Tuesday morning, 10 o'clock.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of one dollar and a half per square for the first insertion, and one dollar per square for each subsequent insertion.

Liberal terms made with those who desire to advertise for three, six or twelve months. Marriage notices and Obituaries charged for at advertising rates.

Henceforth, all Legal Advertisements, of County Interest, whether notices or others, will be published for the benefit of our readers whether they are paid for or not.

National Democratic Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT: HORACE GREELEY, OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT: B. GRATZ BROWN, OF MISSOURI.

Ex Auditor, Edwin F. Gary is out in a second letter under date of October 23d, in which the following statements occur that he held on to his office until he was ejected by the Governor, with a view "to add one more proof to the fact that this people have no right to indiscriminately link the word thief with the name of him whom they are pleased to term carpet bagger," and "as to the men who made me what the Union terms liberal officers. I will say that feelings of a personal nature make me reluctant to point out the men."

We understood, from the tenor of Mr. Gary's first letter, that his stand was taken in behalf of South Carolina and not carpet baggery to establish the honesty of which tribe it would take a life long sacrifice of many Garys howsoever honest they might be. But, for whatever purpose this honest stand may have been taken against villany, are we to understand that loss of office has aroused personal feelings in the Ex Auditor which prevent him from carrying out the war, to the exposure of villains individually to the just sentence of honest men? Can Mr. Gary claim at the hands of South Carolina the credit of honesty, while stating that he knows one or more rascals, from exposing whom he refrains through "feelings of a personal nature?" Are these feelings fellow feelings? Or, if not, what others should make him so wondrous kind? This seems to us a most natural inquiry.

We were pleased at Mr. Gary's first move and hope sincerely that he will carry out his good work for the benefit of the State; while he will in that way (by which he can alone do it) establish his own character as an honest man. We would like to have all dishonest workers spotted, so please let us have their names Mr. Gary.

We were very much pleased at the pleasant ball which came off at the close of our County Fair. The music was pleasant and there was a very full attendance of pleasant and pretty young ladies. The ball passed off well and every body who attended seemed to have gotten the pleasure which they were in pursuit of. The great success of this effort leads us to express the hope that a Fair Ball will be an annual Institution.

We never could understand the opposition which some people have to dancing as a harmless amusement. We look upon it as the healthiest and most agreeable of all parlor amusements. We always thought that the popular parlor amusement of riddle making developed a spiritous and demoralizing egotism in the party propounding, and the Sphinx to our mind was anything but an agreeable deformity, and her suicide was a sample of most ungovernable pride and temper.

lady friends turning up their heels in the air to see which one dufft Foffline would favor with our choice. Cards encourage and foster a dangerous taste for gambling as do every other parlor game we ever saw, unless it be conversational cards, which are simply absurd.

Now we are willing to grant that conversation and reading are the most improving of all constant domestic employments; but even if it were not the case that nature requires occasional respite in variety, yet such variety should be resorted to for the sake of health, muscular exercise, and exhilaration.

Nor is it demoralizing as some say, and as at first sight it may appear, when we see a handsome fine dashing man, take through the mazes of a bewildering waltz some beautiful and graceful woman. We say that the proximity is dangerous; but it is in reality not as nearly so, as when after the dance the parties retire to the piazza in the moonlight or in the dark.

There is more food for a philosopher in a dance than is generally known. We know of nothing that has so immediate an effect upon one's inner nature as music, and under its influence one shows more of himself than at any other time. We will take the man of any profession: the orator's tongue is most eloquent under the inspiration of music, the soldier's heroism is carried to self sacrificing patriotism by the martial strain, and the purest faith of the christian mounts to Heaven in the soft strain of David's Harp.

To descend to the practical, if any one desires he can estimate the true calibre of every man in it, and he goes to a ball for that purpose. It matters not whether they be dancing or not, he can tell the morose, the gentle, the rough, the polished, the honest, the false, the indifferent the lover.

As for the direct demoralizing tendency of dancing per se, there is none. But that it can be abused we do not deny; only if we wished to demoralize any acquaintance, which God forbid, several other common practices among men and women, suggest themselves as more available methods. We hope to see a dance every year.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT

THE FAIR.

Having borrowed one dollar, United States currency, commonly called "greenbacks," from a rashly confiding friend, I invested the same in the purchase of a green ticket, which I was told would take me in and out the fair for "the four seasons." The yellow tickets being a cheap sort of concern, only good for about a week or so. Proud of my new purchase, at precisely half past 10 a. m., I walked up to the gate, sure that the possession of this ticket must be known from my walk, without any necessity of showing it. To my surprise I was halted at the gate by a ruffian with a red ribbon in his button hole, and two pistols in his belt and a musket over his shoulder. He bade me halt! I looked up at him mildly and recognized Johnny. I was surprised; but he seemed proud of his military air and trappings. So I only winked one reproachful wink at him, and showed him my green ticket. He said "all right," and into the inclosure I marched. Fearing lest my nerves might become unstrung by unheard of, and unexpected sights, flashing on me suddenly, I determined to prepare myself by degrees, "drawing it mild" on out-door things of no great importance first, and so going on up by degrees, until I could stand undismayed, comparatively, in the very presence of the magnificent specimens of human ingenuity and skill which, I was told, were stored in the building before me. Well, then, carrying out this theory, I sauntered towards certain pens or stalls where the prize animals were kept. The first stall contained three "15th amendment" sheep. Clearly not genuine, because they had no wool. So that was fraud No. 1. They looked rather like a cross between a buck rabbit and a long tailed goat. They were kept apart from the woolly kind, and appeared hurt thereat, and looked reproachful. The woolly sort were white, but not remarkable in any other way. They appeared to be

hungry, however. I then took a turn at the cattle; was prepared to be rapturously enthusiastic. I admire good stock. There was an old brown bull chained up to the fence, and looking every inch the intolerable old fraud that he was. He positively tried to hide his head when he saw me coming, for I was saying aloud, sternly regarding him as I approached: "This won't do old fellow! you were here last year, and you know it, and you need not pretend you are a new bull of an extra breed, because such a statement won't begin to wash with me; don't come here to take off premiums this time. One fraud is enough. Every year trying this game on other premium bulls in this county is too heavy to bear; so I've got to show you up, you old one horned hypocrite!" Thus lecturing the old villain until he looked mean, and I saw the penitential tears filling his eyes, I strode on further. And there, right before me—well, I said, "do my eyes deceive me?" Is it possible you are here too? You? I went nearer. Yes, there she was, the identical red cow that took a premium last year; large and fat, apparently feeling jolly, until she was conscious of my critical inspection, then she fairly wailed. I said: "This thing is getting too monotonous. Surely old woman there must be some other premium cow in this county beside yourself. Have you the barefaced impudence to stand here, in that stall, and try to make honest people believe you are a stranger, and never here before?" So I pulled out the list of last year's premiums and read her out. She winked one eye, as though to say, "you keep quiet, if old bull goes in for a premium, why not let me have one too?" But I said: "I'll expose you, you old swindle." I strolled on, but didn't see any more cows. Yes, there was one thing put there for a cow, trained evidently to put on airs, and swell out as if she had been fed within the past week, and was a thoroughbred; but she failed ignominiously in the exertion, and sunk under it as soon as the examining committee passed. Then I looked around and saw some hogs, and wished I had brought my pig down for a premium which I felt sure would have been awarded it. But I had been trying for the past month to keep it fat on one quart of corn, and the run of its pen. So the fair boys made little the start on it. Surveying the ground for other objects of interest and prizes, I saw a lot of small agricultural boys in a variety of graceful attitudes (a great many would have beautified the scenery more had their fond parents devoted a little time to patching their neckerchiefs). Some were diving in a tub for coppers. Some were slashing with sticks at each other under the delusion they were breaking eggs for a prize. Others were diversifying the performance by wading under a pole, which I was told was greased. I did seem hard to climb, for I didn't see any one get up high enough to show more than the tility with which he could slide down again. Next I went into the stables. The sight of the horses did not astonish me into anything even bordering on convulsions. I saw one brood mare with a little aule colt; was informed the mare was not there as a specimen of gentleness and docility; saw one gentleman in raptures about the close coupling (so he called it) of the colt. This seemed to be a sign of a good colt. I didn't know about that; gentleman put his hand on colt to examine the "coupling;" I heard a sharp gasping together of teeth, and saw the mare's two hind feet fly in close proximity to gentleman's head; saw gentleman retreat with nearly his arm bit off and his head all but caved in. He seemed satisfied as to the "coupling." Thought there must have been some mistake made about the "docility" part.

Having seen all of these wonders on the outside, I felt justified in supposing my nerves prepared to undergo any given amount of shocks from the sights on the inside. Yet I had my misgivings, having heard such accounts of the splendor and grandeur of the interior of the temple. I went up the steps and entered the first room. This was the rooster and turkey and duck and pigeon room, and very full it was of these articles of domestic economy. They were all in new cages, and over each cage was hung a bed quilt, County made, of brilliant and gorgeous pattern, which added to the effect inexpressibly, and kept the game roosters crowing in a most idiotic style. I sighed as I admired these beautiful birds, and wondered how they'd look without feathers and roasted. I wanted one or two of the fattest; but another ruffian stood near with a knife and pistol, and said: "Hands off." So I moved on. As I passed into the main arena, I

peeped through a little glass door, which I was told, led into the committee room; I saw one fellow with a red ribbon in his button hole, eating voraciously and drinking in the same style domestic wine, (though it looked as much like whiskey as anything else). He didn't ask me; but frowned at me, whereat I wondered, but walked on. By-the-by, the committee table in that room was covered with a bed quilt. I saw that much anyhow. The first table I came to had a lot of vegetables and fruits, all apparently fit for food; and what added much to their tempting appearance, was a canopy hanging gracefully over the table, made of eighteen bed quilts, so arranged as to hang on either side in most bewitching festoons. Each quilt was inlaid with patch work of red and blue and green, most curiously worked in; and each quilt was made in this County. The next table was covered with Indian corn, upland rice, Chinese ochra and quinces, and Australian cucumbers and Ethiopian planters; all raised in this County, besides about one-half peck of legal potatoes (guess what those are). At each of the four corners of this table stood twelve tall sticks of sugarcane, each stick proudly supporting a patch bed quilt of exquisite and gay design and pattern. The third table groaned under the weight of an infinite number of bottles of domestic wine and preserves and cakes. Near it stood four men, detailed as a special guard; each with a bed quilt wrapped around him, and a new musket in his hand. I made a dash frantically at this table, and came near being run through with a bayonet for my pains. Nothing but my presence of mind saved me. I slipped behind a bed quilt (there were a number around this table) which received the bayonet instead of myself. I got tired and hungry; walked back to the committee room, with faint hopes. This was about 1 o'clock p. m.; peeped through the glass door again; saw the same committee man eating and drinking still; he frowned at me again (this time he had a bed quilt wrapped around him) so I started for the other side; soon got mixed up in machinery, and ploughs, and fly catchers, and false teeth, and harrows, and hoes, and buggies, and bed quilts. All of these articles were overlaid with innumerable patch work bed quilts of lively and grotesque patterns, which waved to and fro in the gentle breeze. Like that glorious emblem of liberty (the stars and stripes, on 4th of July). Heard several horns blowing and a drum, was told that the blowing was music, and the blowers the band; went to see; saw the blowers; each had a bed quilt gracefully folded around him, and each was trying his best to beat his neighbor in his attempt to blow out what little brains he had, "permissus like," over the room. I didn't see any music.

Went up to the end of the room; I was informed that here I would behold specimens of the fine arts, which would actually stun me. I saw "The Father of his Country" pinned up against a lonely bed quilt, and surrounded on every side by these emblems of domestic comfort, in place of the old lambing flag which he had around him; so long, and of which he has been tired, no doubt, long since. I have no doubt the old gentleman found the quilts far more comfortable these chilly nights, and there is no nonsense or claptrap about them. Four o'clock p. m.; wandered back, faint and weak from hunger to the committee room; peeped in; no change; committee man still eating and drinking and frowning at me. Met a friend; asked him if that was always the way at fairs? He said: "Oh, yes! that committee man was the general taster. It was against the rules for any food or drink to be exhibited until he had ate and drank about one-third; then the balance was considered safe, and was carried out for show. This was to guard against poisonous compounds, and Ku-Klux deviltry, disguised in liquors; and this man was not allowed to rest at all; but was kept on duty all the time." It didn't strike me that he shirked his duty any; seemed to take a pride and delight in it. He shouldn't taste for me though.

Diving under a noble curtain of bed quilts, I was about to start for home, when the same friend suggested: "One dozen on the shell." I woke to life instantly, and didn't refuse. He guided me, with some difficulty, through a lane of bed quilts which led us after a while into a perfect labyrinth of the same, in which, just as I was making up my mind to sleep, lost for the night, he lifted up a glorious specimen, covered with mysterious figures, cunningly embroidered in all the colors of the rainbow, and several others too; and behold we found ourselves face to face with the King of colors, the inimitable

Benjamin Lloyd, who, before I could recover from my surprise, or wink three times, had me on the outside of a dozen ludicrous bivalves. (Ben had a quilt around him, of course, and a fancy cap on, made up parts of quilts of pattern to match, and looked regal and commanding.) I said to my friend: "Give me Ben. He is the institution of this fair." Let him have all the premiums—every one." N. B.—Ben. is first rate at supplying the wants of the inner man, he it on fair days, or Sundays, or week days. His genius is not limited to oysters. Try him on beef or turtle soup, or anything else, and thank me for telling you. I would have gone into the department devoted to ladies' work exclusively; but forasmuch (being a bachelor) as I don't know the uses to which these articles are put, nor their merits, I could give no satisfactory account of any of them, as I have, I trust, done of more familiar articles. I merely looked through the door and saw a large collection of white, fuzzy, crapy, lacey, thready, flimsy, docted, spotted, croched, knitted, netted, embroidered, and darned things. All beautifully arranged, and set off against a back ground of patch work bed quilts.

I left for home. Passing out, I thought I'd give one more look in the committee room (5 p. m.). There was that same committee man, still eating and drinking. No signs of fatigue whatever, except that he was gracefully reclining on 250 bed quilts, with 14 waving triumphantly over his head. I must do one of the committee men (suppose he was one as he had a red ribbon in his button hole) the justice to say, that he did come to me with a generous and hospitable offer. He came to me and said in his most winning style: "Now look here old fellow, isn't this fair great?" I said: Oh, yes! great fair. So he says: "You must write something glorious and splendid about it. Let the world know what this County can do when she tries;" and I said yes! surely; give us the number of quilts so as to fix up the statistics part. Then he said: "Now do the thing up good, and I'll open a bottle of Riggs' best on you." "Pleasit was I said: "Certainly, by all manner of means. I'll write whatever you say." Well, this committee man didn't open any bottle of Riggs' best on me. (I saw him enough a while in a best quilt opening one on himself though). He deceived me, and I regard him as fraud No. 25. I am under no obligations to him to write what I saw when I didn't see it. My conscience is a trifle too tender for that. The idea of my blowing about the fair under such circumstances, is simply preposterous! Editors may do it. They are privileged, and get paid. I will say this, however, I am quite sure both Dr. Barton and Riggs deserve premiums for their wines, whether they got them or not. Mind, this assertion is only guess work on my part. I judge from the capabilities of the two competitors. I had a chance to vote for Riggs for Sheriff, and did it. I know he was a good Sheriff. I don't doubt he is good at making wine too. I have not voted, however, on that. I like good "sennering;" and am not particular whether I get that or the "black july."

Going out at the gate, met a country man with a load of bed quilts for exhibition; gate keeper said fair was over. I told the man the gate keeper knew nothing about it, it was good for one week more; I would stay, but had business; paid him my ticket for fifty cents, and walked home fastly.

P. S.—What do the people want with so many bed quilts? Is it going to be an extra cold winter? PHIZ.

The mailed hand begins to press heavily in Georgia. The following incident, which occurred near Gordon, Georgia, is narrated by the Macon Telegraph: "On Wednesday night, about 2 p. m., a band of ten United States soldiers, led by some brevet official, appeared at the dwelling of Dr. J. B. Terrell, in quest of the doctor and his son, who were from home. They entered the house and searched the premises in the rudest manner, violating with their ruffian presence (the sleeping chamber of two young ladies, and even leaving from their persons the bed covering which protected them. Disappointed at not finding their prey, they then visited other domiciles and arrested and bore away with them Messrs. Wm. Fountain, Wm. Caffie, Wm. Bridges, Frank Kennington, Edward Walker, railroad agent and James Fountain, not content with thus outraging the homes and persons of their victims, these exemplary representatives of Radical law proceeded to rifle the pockets of one of their prisoners, Mr. Wm. Fountain, of about fifteen dollars

THE FAIR. PREMIUM LIST OF THE SECOND ANNUAL FAIR OF THE ORANGEBURG AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SAMPLES OF CROPS. Captain J. O. Warramaker, best bale cotton; Dr. Wm. F. Barton, best oats; Mrs. J. W. Keitt, best corn; Dr. Wm. F. Barton, best wheat; G. S. Bellinger, best sugar; H. Riggs, best bale hay; J. J. Pairey, best sugar cane; Mrs. Eliza Fogle, best Potatoes; Dr. John C. Holman, best stalk cotton; Mrs. J. W. Keitt, best rutabagas; Benjamin F. Thompson, turnips; Messrs. Straus & Street, best grist and meal; R. H. Riley, turnips; Mrs. David Houser, best groundnuts; A. Anaker, best Indigo; Dr. J. Rowe, rannie stalks and fibre; D. Crum, best pumpkin. GARDENS AND ORCHARD PRODUCE. LS Connor, best apples; Mrs. Julia A. Gates, best pomegranates; Mrs. M. A. Edwards, best pean nuts; Dr. Wm. F. Barton, shockley apples; J. C. Rowe, winter peaches; M. Robinson, best quinces; Maj. J. J. Sedley, apples; J. R. Beckwith, best beans; D. K. Norris, tanyah; Mrs. H. M. Mosser, garden seeds; Mrs. James Stokes, onions; Miss J. S. Sibley, artichokes.

Harpin Riggs, best honey; Dr. L. C. Stephens, best sorghum syrup; H. Riggs, grape wine; Miss Rosa V. Cummings, blackberry wine; J. J. Sallee, Jr., best scuppernon wine; Miss V. C. Bull, peach wine; Mrs. Wm. F. Zimmerman, brandy peaches, jelly, catsup, etc; Mrs. James Stokes, canned fruit; Miss Jane Sibley, vinegar; Mrs. James Stokes, best soap; Mrs. D. Louis, best lard; Mrs. H. M. Moorey, country cured ham; Mrs. J. P. Izlar, best cordials; Mrs. M. E. Baldwin, best butter; Mrs. W. D. McMichael, best preserves; Mrs. A. Branch, pickles; Mrs. Wesley W. Culler, best pickles; Mrs. L. R. Beckwith, pickles; Mr. Thomas W. Albergotti, best cake; Mrs. C. L. Grandin, cake; Mrs. W. A. Black, best starch; Mrs. J. Moss, best bread; Dr. W. F. Barton, scuppernon wine; Mrs. A. C. Andrews, soap; Miss L. V. Robinson, cake; Mrs. D. Houser, butter; Mr. O. M. Keitt, pickles; Mrs. P. S. Fisher, honey; Miss Julia Zimmerman, the President's premium.

MACHINERY AND MANUFACTURES. C. Graveley, best assortment of agricultural and mechanical implements exhibited; Doyle & Wiles, double seat buggy; J. A. Hamilton, Taylor, Antow Gun; Capt. F. H. W. Briggman, American combination sewing machine; C. Graveley, two-horse No. 4 Brinley plow; C. Cannon, one-horse Brinley plow; P. G. Cannon, gun-lock; Capt. J. D. Trezevant, Burnham's turbine wheel; C. Graveley, Alabama greeps; Ben. Poozer, challenge washing machine; C. Graveley, section of circular saw; F. W. Jones, best fly brush; David Kidd, crumpling tongs; A. S. Easterlin, bird cage; Messrs. J. E. Alder & Co., rotary harrow; M. N. Riley, model of circular dining table.

LADIES' WORK, FANCY AND ORNAMENTAL. Mrs. A. A. Norris, bed quilt; Miss J. Sanders, lamb's wool cap; Miss Mollie Lovell, best wax work; Miss E. Poozer, child's dress (shell work); Miss L. Robinson, tatting handkerchief; Mrs. P. Rich, wax-work; Miss C. A. Sibley, worsted embroidered table cover; Mrs. A. Quattlenbaum, lady's night dress; Mrs. E. H. Houser, infant's dress, (tatting); Miss A. Moss, braided tanager; Mrs. S. M. Glover, foot cushion; Miss S. M. Stokes, crochet tidy; Miss R. Badger, netted tidy; Miss M. J. Whittenmore, crochet tidy; Mrs. W. N. Scoville, worsted tidy; Miss Kate Mangle, best case of millinery; Mrs. Kate Felder, child's embroidered merino sack; Mrs. E. J. Oliveros, boy's braided suit; Mrs. A. W. Tharpe, infant's embroidered dress; Miss Sarah Beckwith, crocked shawl; Mrs. F. Jennings, embroidered pillow slip; Miss Mary C. Oliver, embroidery; Mrs. Laura D. Bennett, card basket; Mrs. A. Davis, rabbits; Mrs. P. Rich, bead box; Miss H. A. Coleman, embroidered merino sack; Mrs. J. V. Glover, greatest variety of worsted work.

CHILDREN'S FANCY WORK. Miss Lizzie Elliott, aged 12 years, rosin work and crochet mat; Miss A. Dibble, aged 5 years, crochet work; Miss A. Culler, aged 12 years, crochet tidy; Miss C. Warramaker, aged 11 years, crochet; Miss D. Black, aged 4 years, book-mark; Miss F. A. Lee, aged 11 years, crochet tidy; Miss G. Rhodes, aged 7 years, crochet mat. (CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)